

THE  
SIEGE  
OF  
TROY,  
A TRAGI-COMEDY,

*As it has been often Acted with*  
Great APPLAUSE.

CONTAINING

A Description of all the *Scenes, Machines;*  
and *Movements*, with the whole *Deco-*  
*ration of the Play,* and Particulars of  
the *Entertainment.*



LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR, MDCCXXVIII.

## ACTORS NAMES.

**M** *Enelaus*, King of Greece, and Husband to Q. *Helen*, engaged in a Ten Years War in the Siege of *Troy*, in Revenge for the Loss of his Queen, stollen from him by *Paris* Son of K. *Priam*, and living within the Walls of *Troy*, in publick Adultery with him.

*Ulysses*, K. of *Thrace*, one of the Grecian Princes, engag'd in the Quarrel of K. *Menelaus*, the politic Manager of the wooden Horse, built by the Greeks, and left behind them in their feign'd Retreat from before the Walls of *Troy*.

*Paris*, A Trojan Prince, living in the adulterous Embraces of Queen *Helen*.

*Sinon*, A cunning Grecian, so zealous for the Service of his King, that he cut off his Lips, and Ears, and Nose, dismembring his own Face, being left bound in Irons, under the Belly of the wooden Horse, to be thereby the better enabled, from the Sight of such barbarous Sufferings, to render himself the unsuspected Object of their Pity to the Trojan Spectators; from thence by his artful Tears and moving Eloquence, to insinuate himself into their easy Belief, as to persuade them to draw the Horse within the City of *Troy*.

### W O M E N.

*Helen*, K. *Menelaus*'s Wife, and Mistress to *Paris*.

*Cassandra*, A Virgin Daughter of K. *Priam*, an exalted Character of Piety and Vertue, inspired by the Gods with the true Spirit of Prophecy, yet never believed; a vehement Prosecutor of *Paris* and *Helen*, for their lewd and wicked Lives, and foretelling the Destruction of *Troy*, as a Vengeance hanging over their Heads, for their impious and hardened Adultery.

*Venus*, The Goddess of Love, a Patroness to *Paris* and *Helen*.

A numerous Train of Trojan Mob, Spectators of the Wooden Horse; with Guards, Trumpets, and Attendants of King *Menelaus*.



# The SIEGE of TROY.

## ACT I.

*The Curtain is drawn up, and discovers K. Menelaus, Ulysses, Attendants and Guards.*

*King*

NEVER were Wrongs like mine ! an impious Wife,  
 The Pleasure once, now Torment of my Life.  
 Why in his Crimes do's still th' Adulterer reign ?  
 And why for ten long Years have I in vain  
 'Gainst Troy's proud Walls my feeble Vengeance push'd,  
*Ulys.* Droop not, great Sir, for ten Years Labour lost,  
 When a few Days now seal the Fate of Troy.  
 Look forwards, Sir, to that prodigious Engine  
 Of Troy's Destruction, that tall wooden Horse  
 We have prepar'd, in whose dark Womb of Fate,  
 Five hundred generous Volunteers all wait,  
 All all one Stroke to give the fatal Blow.

Fear not Success,

*King.* No ; wise *Ulysses*, no.

When thy great Hand's the Royal Engineer,  
 'Tis by such Pilots I to Glory steer. *(Sound)*

*Ulys.* Consider, Sir, what managing Hand I've  
 To move this vast Machine ; the honest *Sinon* :  
 A Man so hearty in your Royal Cause,  
 That he has dismembred even his very Face,  
 Cut off his Lips and Nose, and torn his Eyes out  
 To make himself the Object of their Pity.

A 2

That

*The Siege of Troy.*

That by his moving Looks and awful Tears  
He may so lull the credulous *Trojans* Ears  
To draw that fatal Horse within their Walls.

*K* Now Fate, curst *Troy*, for *Destruction* calls :  
*Revenge*, O dear *Revenge*, guide my keen Sword  
To the adulterous *Helen's* canker'd Heart ;  
And Oh ! 'twill give me more divine Delight,  
Than all the Raptures of her Bridal Night.

*Ul*. Our Army thus retir'd, drawn off from *Troy*,  
Think what Security do their hush'd Fears enjoy.

*K*. Thus far our Plot succeeds ; this false Retreat we  
Only to come with greater Vengeance back (make

[*Exeunt*.]

## S C E N E II:

*Enter Bristle, a Cobler, and his Wife.*

*Bristle*. I tell you once for all, you shall not go.

*Wife*. Not go to see the great Horse the *Grecians*  
have left behind 'em ?

*Bristle*. To be Hors'd your self, you Jade : What !  
because the *Grecians* have left a wooden Horse  
behind 'em, and are all march'd off like Asses  
themselves, you must be galloping amongst the  
Mob, must you ? to see Sights with a Pox to  
you ! Get you home to your Wheel and spin,  
or I'll so maul you —

*Wife*. Spin ! ah, 'twas a cursed hard Thread  
I spun when I marry'd such a Cobbling Rogue, !  
a Rogue that Back beats me, and Belly-starves  
me too, a scribbling, sneaking, fumbling Rogue,  
that has got me but one Child in twenty Years,  
and gives me but three Meals a Day to keep Life  
and Soul together.

*Bristle*. Here's an impudent Sow's-baby !

## The Siege of Troy.

5

*Wife.* Well, I am resolved I will go abroad, and this Sight, though the Devil stay at home and piss out the Fire.

*Bristle* Will you so! Then I'm resolved I'll give your Whore's Hide such a Lick of Styrrup Leather 'till I make your own Devilship piss it out.

[Beats her.]

*Wife.* Help! help! Murder!

*Within.* Huzza! huzza!

Enter Mob.

1 *Mob* } *speaking* } The Horse! the Horse! the Horse!  
2 *Mob* } *all toge.* } The Greeks! the Greeks! the Greeks!  
3 *Mob* } *ther;* } All run, run, run!

*Bristle.* Hold, hold, hold, Neighbours. Let one Man speak at once.

*All.* Ay, ay, let our Neighbour *Bristle* speak first.

*Bristle.* Then mark me, good Folks, we are all going to see this great Horse?

*All.* Ay, ay; the Horse, the Horse!

*Bristle.* Look ye then, Neighbours, let us march soberly and decently in roaring good Order, as those civil Gentlemen, call'd the Mob, should do; and I'll be Captain *Tom* your Leader.

1st *Mob.* You our Leader! Why, who are you?

*Bristle.* Who am I, *Jack Sauce*? Why, I am the second Man in the Nation; I am the King's head Cobler.

*All.* A Cobler?

*Bristle.* Ay, who but a Cobler? I'd have you to know that I am the Man that put such a stout pair of Soles upon the King's last Neat Leather Shoes, that he has kickt the whole Grecian Army quite out of the Kingdom, and his Majesty and I are the two great Savers of the Nation.

*The Siege of Troy.*

*All.* Ay, ay, a Captain! a Captain, a Captain?

*Brissle.* Then follow your Leader. But for you, Jilflirt, get ye home, ye Jade, or I'll so strap ye--- [*Exeunt all but Wife and 3d Mob.*]

*3d Mob.* A barbarous hard-hearted Man!

*Wife.* Barbarous indeed, if you knew all.

*3d Mob.* And to so pretty a Creature!

*Wife.* O Laud, Sir, pretty!

*3d Mob.* So pretty that I must make bold.

[*Kisses her.*]

*Wife.* Now Blessings on the Honey sweet Eyes of you, dear Sir. O this unnatural Brute of a Husband! has he no more Conscience in him, than to keep me lockt up at home, when there are such kind Gentlemen, and such sweet Comforts abroad in the World.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene opens and discovers Paris and Helen, fronting the Audience, riding in a triumphant Chariot, drawn by two white Elephants, mounted by two Pages in embroider'd Liveries. The side Wings are ten Elephants more, bearing on their Backs open Castles, umbraged with Canopies of Gold; the ten Castles fill'd with ten Persons richly drest, the Retinue of Paris; and on the Elephants Necks ride ten more Pages in the like rich Dress. Beyond and over the Chariot, is seen a Vistoe of the City of Troy; on the Walls of which stand several Trumpeters seen behind and over the Head of Paris, who sound at the Opening of the Scene.*

*Paris.* Whilst the fair Helen in these Arms I twine,  
These Sweets and all this beauteous Treasure mine;  
Ten smiling Years crown'd with my vast delight,  
Have been but one continued Nuptial Night.

*Helen.*

# The Seige of Troy.

7

*Helen.* O *Paris*, for thy Love what have I done?  
 What Storms have I pull'd down! what Dangers run,  
*Asia* and *Europe* wak'd with Wars Alarms!  
 Set Kingdoms in a Blaze, and all the World in Arms?  
*Far.* But now those Wars are done, and *Troy's* invincible  
 Yes, my fair Life, the Coward *Greeks* are fled,  
 And leave me Lord of Thee —  
 And now when the try'd World's long Discord cease?  
 We'll tune our Trumps of War to Songs of Peace.  
 Where *Hector* dragg'd in Blood, I'll drive around,  
 The Walls of *Troy* with Love and Laurels crown'd.

Enter *Cassandra*.

*Cass.* O *Paris*, *Paris*! all this pageant Pride,  
 And that triumphant Sorceress by thy side!  
 What Banners can hard-fronted Sin display,  
 When vile Adultery adorn'd so gay,  
 Dares front the Light, and shame the blushing Day!  
*Hel.* O my dear *Paris*, is that Screech-Owl here?  
 Will that eternal Torturer never leave us?

*C.* No, black Adulress, close as thy dark Fate I follow  
 [thee,

And loud as thy own crying Guilt, I come,  
 To eccho thine and *Troy's* approaching Doom.  
 Yet, head'ong *Paris*, stop thy mad Career,  
 And to the Voice of Fate unlock thy Ear.  
 Hear *Helen* and me: Not three short Suns shall rise,  
 E'er but *Troy* one Heap of Ruine lie!

*P.* *Preaching Fool!* more Dream, more Visions  
 [still,

Must of Stars and Fate my Ears to fill?  
 What empty Noise and Nonfence never cease,  
 And wild Frenzy never give me Peace:  
*Peace, Paris!* no; with all thy Load of Sin  
 So long and thou must never meet agen.  
 Everlasting War! the batt'ling World,

A 4

And

*The Siege of Troy.*

And angry Gods with all the Bolts of Fate,  
 Blood, Fire and Sword, for thy Destruction wait.  
 In Troy's one blazing Heap, one funeral Urn,  
 Shalt thou and thy adul'rous Minion burn,

*Par.* No more, *bold Insolent*, I'll hear no more,  
 Do not provoke my Vengeance thus to dare,  
 With thy vile Breath prophane this heav'nly Fair;  
 For if thou dost, by all the Pow'rs I swear,  
 I'll drive my Chariot o'er thy trampled Head,  
 Beneath my rowling Wheels I'll crush thee dead.

*C.* Yes, thou shalt hear no more, *lascivious Boy*,  
 Stain to the Blood! from thee, the Fate of Troy!  
 Thy blushing Sister takes her weeping Eyes,  
 Not from thy *Threats*, but from thy *Shame* she  
 flies.

[*Exit.*

*Venus descends in a Chariot drawn by two Swans.*

*Par.* Hark! what Celestial Musick's this I hear!  
 See, see Love's Goddess from her heavenly Sphere,  
 Bright *Venus* dress'd in her divinest Ray,  
 Descends to grace the Triumphs of this Day.

*Ven.* Yes, *Paris*, Lord of the fair *Helen's* Charms  
 I gave that darling Beauty to thy Arms,  
 And will preserve her there. —————

Secure for ever thy rich Prize enjoy  
 No envious Cloud shall your fair Peace destroy.  
 I'll shine the Guardian Deity of Troy.

*Paris.* O I am lost in Raptures, high  
 Grace!

But where's my Vassal? where's my waiting  
 Train?

Quick, quick, ye Slaves, for Goodness so  
 Join all your *Airs*, your *Songs of Triumph* join

## The Siege of Troy.

9

*The Ten rich Figures in the Castles of the Elephants, address themselves to the Goddess with this following Piece of Musick in Chorus.*

### S O N G.

**H**A I L beauteous Goddess, all Divine,  
Our up-rais'd Eyes and Hearts are thine ;  
To Love we pray, to Love we kneel,  
Thy Pow'r we own, Thy Darts we feel.  
To thy bright Sway, thy sovereign Throne,  
Not suppliant Mortals bend alone ;  
To the blind God, thy Boy, and Thee,  
Even Jove, Almighty Jove, here bends a Knee.

### A C T II.

*The Scene opens, and in a Wood without the Walls of Troy, appears the Trojan Horse, being a Figure of that Magnitude, that 'tis 17 Foot high to the Top of his Back. The whole Figure magnificently adorn'd with all the Trappings, Furniture of a War Horse, set off with rich Gildings, Plumes of Feathers, and all other suitable Decorations.*

*Under his feet lies Sison, with a mangled Face all bloody, his Nose cut off, his Eyes out, &c. bound in Irons.*

*Enter Mob.*

Captain **A**Y, ay, here 'tis! Here's the Wonder  
Bristle. **A** of Greece, and the Honour of Troy.  
All our own Boys, Huzza!

**1 Mob.** Well! I never saw such a Sight in all  
my b rn Days!

**2 Mob.** Ay, Neighbour, 'tis a wonderful Beast,  
that's certain.

**Capt.** Bast! Udzoooks, have a care what you  
say! Call such a noble Creature Beast! why 'tis  
enough to make him up with his wooden Leg, and  
kick your Gucs out,

A 5

**1 Mob.**

*The Siege of Troy.*

2 *Mob.* I vow and swear, Captain, 'twas before I was aware; but I beg the Horse's Princely Pardon, and am his Highnesses most humble Servant.

*Enter Mrs. Brist'e.*

2 *Mob.* And how dost thou like this noble Palfrey?

*Wife.* O wondrous! 'tis a delicate fine Beaushap'd Creature! Ah, that I had a Coach and Six such Horses, what a topping Countess should I make?

*Capt.* And are you got hither, with a Vengeance to you?

*Wife.* Ay, my Dear, and all the reason in the World. Now this noble Troop of Trojans have made you their Captain, I could do no less my Dear, for thy Honour, than bring my sweet Face hither, to show 'em the Captain's Lady.

*Sinon groans.*

*Capt.* Who's that groans? *Sinon groans again.*

2 *Mob.* Look, look there! what's He all g sh'd with Blood and Wounds, that lyes in Chains beneath the Horse's Feet.

*All.* Let's unbind him, unbind him.

*[They unbind him.]*

*Enter Ulysses disguised.*

*Ulyss.* Now 'tis my Hour to mix amongst the Crowd. This Shape secures me.

2 *Mob.* What are you, Friend? *[To Sinon.]*

*Sinon.* A Man, Sir, and a grateful one, Whilst on my Knees I thank the generous Hands That have unloos'd my Chains.

*Mob.* Who bound thee?

*Sinon.* Villains.

*Mob.* What Villains?

*Sinon.* Cowardly ones. The Coward Greeks, They who durst face no more the Walls of Troy, But are all run.—

*Mob.* Run whither?

*Sinon.* To the Devil, I hope. *Durst*

*The Siege of Troy.*

II

Durst bind an *Innocent Wretch*, load me with Irons,  
And gash me thus with all these hideous Wounds,  
The natural Marks of Cowardise, Barbarity.

*Wife.* Ay, Neighbour, what a sweet Face is  
there spoil'd !

*Mob.* Ay, poor Man; they were a pack of  
wicked Rogues that did all this.

*Wife.* Ay, and wicked Whores too, Neighbour,  
if the Truth were known.

*Sinon.* O lend your pitying Ear to a poor bleeding  
Martyr.

For one poor harmless Word, one slight Offence,  
The Tyrant King of *Greece* has given me all  
These hideous Brands, for which I owe him Death :  
Curses and Thunder blast him !

*Wife.* Ay, Friend, you do well to say your  
Prayers backwards for him. And was it King  
*Menelaus* that used you thus unmercifully ?

*Sinon.* The Tyrant *Menelaus*.

*Wife.* Ay, 'tis like him : Cuckolds are always  
Tyrants. My old Rogue is just such another.

*Capt.* Hark you, Neighbours; look ye, this  
Fellow well manag'd, may give us full Light and  
Discovery why the *Greeks* are run, and when they  
run, and how they run, and whither they run.

2 *Mob.* A very good Thought.

3 *Mob.* Ay, noble Captain. But who dares trust  
him ? he's a *Greek* himself.

*Ulyss.* Not trust him, Gentlemen ! who dares not  
trust him ? What tho' a *Grecian* born, with that  
torn Face, and all those gaping Wounds, he's  
too much loaded with Wrongs and Miseries to  
serve such Masters now.

*Capt.* Adad he's i'th' right.

2 *Mob.* A true *Trojan*, I warrant him. He talks  
like an Oracle.

*Wife.*

*The Siege of Troy.*

*Wife.* Ay, a very pretty Fellow, only his Beard's a little too long.

*Capt.* Then, look ye; we'll ask him two or three wise Questions; and then carry him to King *Priam* to be examined. Pray, Friend, why did the *Grecians* leave this Horse behind 'em?

*Sin.* The Gods that warn'd 'em from the Siege of *Troy*,

Commanded 'em to leave this Monument

A Pledge of Peace ne'er to return in Arms.

2 *Mob.* This Monument we'll have drawn into the City.

*All.* Ay, ay! into the City, into the City!

*Capt.* Hold, hold a little; How will you get it there? the Gates are all too low.

3 *Mob.* Ay, Pox o' the Devil; all, all too low.

1 *Mob.* A lundone! all ruined!

2 *Mob.* The whole Show spoil'd! we shall never get it in.

*All.* O never, never, never!

*Ulyss.* What! all a-mort, my honest Friends and Country-men?

Not lead this Trophy of the *Trojan* G'ory

Into fair *Troy's* proud City; 'cause the Gates,

Are only arch'd too low! Let not that stop ye,

Pull down the Walls, and give it Entrance there.

*All.* Pull down the Walls!

*Ulyss.* Ay, Gentlemen, make a large Breach; if possible,

Large as your own *Great Sculs*; the Walls pull down,

And have it drawn in Triumph thro' the Town.

1 *Mob.* Do you hear that, noble Captain?

1 *Capt.* Ay, Pox on't, do I hear it; what a Dunce of a Dog am I that I could not think of this?

2 *Mob.* And what shall we do now, Captain?

*Capt.* Do! why pull down the Walls, pull down the Walls.

*All.* Ay,

## The Siege of Troy.

13

All. Ay, pull down the Walls, Huzza.

[Exeunt.]

*The Scene shuts.*

Ulyss. Now Vengeance moves secure. Now  
impious Paris!

Thy Mother's fatal Dream when thou wast born,  
That from her Womb she had a Firebrand torn,  
Should set all Troy in Flames, shall be fulfill'd,  
All seal'd with Fate—Troy shall in Flames expire,  
This Arm, and thy hot Lust shall light the Fire.  
[Exit.]

*Enter Cassandra alone.*

Cass. Why was I born Troy's Virgin Oracle,  
Th' impending Fate of Empire to foretel,  
Yet never be believ'd?—— Yet at the last  
I've begg'd the Gods a Miracle to perform:  
No more then Paris's deaf Ears ill storm,  
His nobler Senses now I will surprize,  
And preach bright Reason to his blinded Eyes.  
[Exit.]

*The Scene opens and discovers the Temple of Diana,  
consisting of ten Pieces of Painting, in each of  
which are seen ten Statues of the Heathen Gods,  
viz. Jupiter, Juno, Pallas, Apollo, Neptune,  
Thetis, Mars, Venus, Ceres and Mercury.  
In the Temple is a rich Altar piece, in the middle  
of which, on a Pedestal, stands a young Woman  
drest in Cloth of Gold, representing the Statue of  
Diana, holding a Hunting spear in her Hand;  
and on two other Pedestals, stand two more young  
Women, representing two of her Nymphs. Over  
this Altar-piece are seen three beautiful Circles of  
Clouds, and Diana is seen driving in a Chariot  
drawn by two Hinds.*

*Enter*

*Enter a Procession of Priests and Priestesses in  
Vestments adorn'd with Silver Crescents.*

**Vocal Musick.**

**B**Right Cynthia, sovereign Queen of Light,  
With a lthy Vassal-Stars so bright,  
Where the Caelestial Glories shine;

To thee, to thee,

We bend a Knee,

Our Song of Triumph thine.

*Enter Paris and Helen. Their Trains bore up by  
two Pages.*

*Paris.* Since Troy's Deliverance at Diana's Shrine,  
Has brought you here to pay your Rites divine,  
This Sacred Song with that Attraction draws,  
That take our Knees join'd in this hallow'd Cause.

*Priest.* If our resounding Song of Triumph calls  
Such princely Heads to grace our sacred Walls,  
Rise, raise your Airs, if possible, yet higher;  
When such Illustrious Glory joins the Choir.

*Procession begins again.*

**B**Right Cynthia, to our solemn Vows  
Thy gracious Ear incline;

Behold no less than princely Brows

Our solemn Offerings joyn.

Our Foes are run,

Our Feares are done;

The Greeks are fled, and Troy's our own.

*Enter Cassandra.*

*Helen.* Ha! do I see that persecuting Face!  
Brings the new Leads of Scandal; new Disgrace  
To throw on my fair Fame!

*Par.* No Danger fear,  
These sacred Walls will bear no Insult here.

*Cass.* O Paris, what mistaken Piety  
Has brought thee here? Can'st thou who bend'st  
a Knee

*The Siege of Troy.*

15

To impious Love, t'unchast and loose Desire,  
Bow to *Diana*, join her Virgin Choir?

*Par.* What brings thee here? thou gav'st thy  
Word before

That I should hear that croaking Voice no more,

*C.* And I'll perform my Word: I come not now  
To court thy Ears, but to convert thy Eyes.

The Gods have given me pow'r to aft a Miracle.  
Seest thou those glit'ring Statues of the Deities,  
In all their shining Robes of Gold array'd?

*Par.* Yes, all too bright for thy weak Blast to  
shade.

*Cass.* Those radiant Forms, if possible, to sable,  
Dark as thy Crimes, I'll at one Breath transform,  
And hang yon smiling Skies with all the Flames  
of Hell.

*Here Cassandra moves her Wand, and in the Twink-  
ling of an Eye the ten Golden Statues in the Paint-  
ing, are all turn'd to black, and the three Figures  
on the Pedestals are likewise stript of thir Cloth of  
Gold, and all dress'd in black; and the whole Vistoe  
of the Heavens is changed to a flaming Hell.*

*Cass.* Now, *Paris*, since thou'st lent so deaf  
an Ear

To all my Oracles of Truth, see there!  
Will you believe your Eyes?

*Par.* My Eyes!

*Cass.* Yes, Infidel,

Will all those dreadful Sights convince?

*Par.* Sights! ——— What Sights?

*Cass.* That hideous, that amazing Scene!

*Par.* *Cassandra*, What do's this Distraction mean?

*Cass.* The very Gods their Heads in Sable shroud,  
And yon bright Skies in one infernal Cloud;  
Wrapt round with Horror, mourn the Fate of  
*Troy.*

*Par.* What Clouds? what Sable?

*Cass.* Look, look there, blind Boy!

*Par.* Sister, mad, foolish, wretched, thoughtless  
Thing,

To idle Miracles make no more Pretence;  
I prithee rave no more; learn to talk Sense.  
But kneel, O kneel, and beg the pitying Gods  
To pardon thee this impious Profanation,  
Enough to make their very Images  
Whose shining Beams our dazed Eyes behold,  
If possible, blush through their burnish'd Gold,  
To hear thee talk thus wildly.

*Cass.* Then thou seest not  
Yond dismal Transformation? *Par. Transformation!*  
I see thee all transform'd. Thou that wert born  
A Princess, Heir to all that should adorn  
The Courts of Kings, with royal Reason crown'd.  
But Oh! thy whole fair Senses lost and drown'd,  
Thou'rt in thy mad fantastick Frenzy hur'd,  
A roving Lunatick round the wander'd World.

*Cass.* O what Confusion strikes my startled Ear,  
And do you, reverend Men, see nothing there.  
No Change in that high Roof?

*Priest* A Change in thee  
We see with pity. Thy lost Wits we see.

*Cass.* Now I am lost! the low'ring Destinies  
Are only visible to these poor Eyes,  
And walk in Clouds to all the World beside.

Now mourn, *Cassandra*, thy lost Country mourn,  
In vain my helpless Hand her Fate wou'd turn,  
O *Paris*, thou must bleed, and *Troy* must burn!

*Hel.* Now, my dear Love, I am for ever  
thine.

*Par.* Yes, my fair Life, whilst thy bright  
Beams divine,  
And all those Golden Gods our Guardians shine.

ACT III.

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Town of Troy, consisting of ten Pieces of uniform Painting, representing a Street of magnificent Buildings, terminating with a double Wall of the City, and over the Wall is seen an upper Town. In the Center of this City stands the Horse, out of whose Sides, in the Sight of the Audience, two Ladders slip out, and immediately near forty Soldiers with Officers, issue out of the Body of the Horse, all with their drawn Swords.*

*First Officer.*

[Throats

**N**OW the great Work draws on ! the Trojan Will now a cheap and easie Prize be found, In their dead Sleep and drunken Revels drown'd.

*Off.* But hush, lie close, 'till the great Signal's The King and all the Army wait without [giv'n, To second the great Blow we must begin, Returning by the Night's protecting Shade, Ent'ring that Breach the Trojan Hands have made.

[The Scene shuts.

*Enter Mob drunk.*

*1 Mob.* Well, Captain, we have had a tory rory Night on't.

*Capt.* Ay, Neighbour, the noble Prince Paris has made all the Conduits in the Town piss Claret, and given us such Feasting and Topping, and Fiddling and Roaring, 'till we are all Princes as great as himself.

*All.* Ay, ay, all Princes, all Princes !

*Capt.* O Neighbours, here are rare Days coming on. Now the Wars are done, and Peace and Plenty are pouring in upon us ; we shall have no Trade but Eating and Drinking : we shall

shall have six half-penny Loaves for a Farthing,  
and every pint Pot shall hold a Gallon.

2 *Mob.* But are you sure these blessed Days  
are a coming?

*Cap.* Sure! why I have Prince *Paris's* own  
Word for't.

3 *Mob.* And we may take his Word; for he's  
a gracious good Prince.

*Capt.* And we his loyal and obedient Subjects  
after his own pious Example, walk uprightly,  
and live soberly, and are all drunk for Joy.

*Enter Wife.*

*Wife.* Ay, there's my Beast, *Capt. Tom*, and  
*Capt. Set* too. Pox on him, now must I play  
the Hypocrite, and coaxes him home to Bed: If  
I don't, I am sure I shall have but a foul Load  
of Garbidge of him tomorrow Morning. Have  
I found thee, my Deary? Well, my Dear, thou  
hast made a merry Night on't. But come Chick-  
en, 'tis past Midnight, and prithee let's home to  
Bed.

*Capt.* What, go like a poor Dog to Bed with  
my own Wife! No, Hussy, I'd have you to know,  
I'll keep a Whore like Prince *Paris*; a Whore  
you B...

*Wife.* A Whore! Ay, ay, thou shalt keep a  
Whore. Thou shalt keep me, my Dear; and  
so prithee go home to Bed.

3 *Mob.* Ay, noble Captain, take her good  
Counsel; 'tis nigh sleeping Time, and so let's  
all home to Bed.

*Capt.* Say yo so?

*Then home let's be jogging, there take t'other Noggins,  
Be drunk both without and within Doors;*

*A Pack o' mad Fellows, we'll burn, burn the Bellows,  
And throw the whole House out o' th' Windows.*

*The*

*The Siege of Troy.*

19

*The Scene opens, and discovers the Town without the Horse. Enter King, Ulysses, Grecians, Guards and Attendants, all with drawn Swords in one Hand, and lighted Flambeaux in the other.*

*King.* Now, Vengeance, thou'rt my own!  
Now, impious Troy!

Thy Fall draws on. Burn, ravish and destroy;  
Heap Piles of Fire thro' ev'ry flaming Street.

*Ulyss.* And sheath your Swords in all the  
Throats you meet.

*King.* Spare neither Age nor Sex.

*Ulyss.* Nor Shrines nor Temples save,  
Make all one crimson, and one blazing Grave.

*King.* Pull both with Fire and Sword, that  
Vengeance down,

'Till Troy shall ev'n at once both burn and drown:  
Think how you build th' adulterous Helen's Urn,  
Hot as her Lust, her Funeral Pile shou'd burn.

*During these Commands given by the King, the Soldiers run up and down the Streets, seemingly setting the Town on Fire, whilst near forty Windows or Port-holes in the several Paintings, all appear on Fire, the Flames catching from House to House, and all perform'd by Illuminations and transparent Paintings seen scatter'd thro' the Scenes, both in the Upper and Lower Town.* [Exeunt.

*Here enter several Trojans in various and distracted Postures, through the flaming Streets, pursued by the Grecians; other Grecians running away with young Women in their Arms, all with several Shrieks and Cries, &c.*

*Enter Paris.*

*P.* O these dread Flames! Jove pours his wrath-  
Against poor Troy; both Men and Fates conspire  
But,

*The Siege of Troy.*

But Fire and Sword fall with an easie Weight,  
I've lost my *Helen*! there's my Stroke of Fate!

*Enter Cassandra.* (*Troy!*)

*Cass.* Now, Unbeliever, see those blazing Ruins  
*Par. Cassandra!*

*Cass.* Behold thy Country, Father, Brothers,  
All, all thy bleeding Victims! see their Fall,  
And tremble at thy own; their burning Graves  
Not ha'f so hot as thy internal Fires.

*Par.* I dare not see that Face; it strikes a Blush.

*C.* If thou canst blush, blush to the Gods, not me,  
What though the black Adulterer, yet thou art  
A Brother still, and I've a Sister's Heart.

*Par.* O divine Goodness! now I am lost indeed,  
'Tis thro' this only Wound my Soul cou'd bleed.

*C.* Farewel; prepare to die, thou hast not Three  
Repenting Minutes left 'twixt Death and thee,  
Forsook by all the World, and only mourn'd by me.

*P.* Thou Oracle of Fate, to thy great Doom I bow,  
Not overtook by Death, I'll meet him now. [*Exit.*]

*Enter King, Ulysses, and Guards.*

*King.* Burn out, my blazing Vengeance, burn  
so bright,  
'Till the pale Stars of this immortal Night,  
Shrink in their Heads at thy diviner Light.

*Enter Paris.*

*Par.* Where is the Fate I'd meet?

*King.* Traytor, 'tis here.

*Par.* I know that Face too well.

*King.* And this keen Steel  
Shall know thy Heart as well.

*Ulyss.* Hold, Sir, disgrace not  
Your Royal Sword with such polluted Blood;  
An Axe, a Scaffold, and a Hangman's Hand,  
Best fit so vile a Traytor's Execution. *King.*

*The Siege of Troy.*

21

*K.* Unkind *Ulysses*, would'st thou rob my *Glory*,  
His Death, and by this Arm of Justice given.  
No, *Paris*, meet thy Fate, and from this Hand;  
Let publick Scaffolds meaner Heads demand.  
Tho' thy Soul's blacker than Perdition, still  
Thou'st *Priam's* Royal Blood thy Veins to fill:  
That only Claim do's for his Vengeance call,  
Thou'rt born a Prince, and by a King shall fall.  
Thus to thy Heart! [*Fights and kills Paris.*]

*Paris.* O King! thou'st aim'd too well.

*K.* Down, Royal Monster, to thy Throne in Hell

*Paris.* Vain World! and what's more vain,  
fond Love, farewell. [*Dies.*]

*Helen Enters above.*

*Hel.* My *Paris* Dead! On this said Object fixt,  
Eyes look your last, 'tis *Helen's* Fate comes next!

*K.* Ha! Seize the *Traitress*, bring her to my Venge-  
[*ance,*

Bring her *Alive*, for *Wheels*, and *Racks*, and *Tortures*,  
Whole Years of Death.

*Hel.* No, I defy thy Pow'r!

Here I am safe, within this Flaming Tow'r.  
I see what Fate does my dear *Paris* share;  
For him I liv'd, for him alone was fair:  
And since my Joys in his cold Urn lie Dead,  
These curling Flames shall be my last warm Bed,  
Look up then to this shining Bed of Fire,  
And see the Phoenix of the World expire.

[*Leaps down into the Fire.*]

*King.* She has bravely 'scap'd me.

*Ulyss.* Yes, when thus she fell.

She has pe form'd, Great Sir, an Ill Part well.

*K.* 'Tis done! 'tis done! this Brace of *Traitors*  
[*slain,*

This one Night's Joys rewards my Ten Years Pain.

[*Exit. Scene shuts.*

*Enter*

*Enter Captain Tom, and Three of the Mob.*

*Capt.* And are we sure we are all alive, Neighbours?

*1 Mob.* We hope we are.

*Capt.* Hope! alas, Hopes are all deceitful. For we that are here were all living Men but Yesterday, and who knows but we shall find our selves all knockt o'the Head to morrow Morning, so soon as we are Awake?

*2 Mob.* Truly, like enough. And yet I hope we are got a little out of Harms way; out of the Walls of that miserable Town of Slaughter.

*3 Mob.* Ay, miserable indeed; for never was such Fire and Sword work ever seen. Ay, Captain, our poor Neighbour *Stitch* the Taylor, I saw him drop.

*Capt.* And how did he drop?

*3 Mob.* O, strangely, very strangely! Tho' the good Man was as honest a poor Cuckold as any in the Kingdom, yet his Horns could not secure his Head. His Brains were knock'd out.

*Capt.* Alas, poor *Stitch*!

*3 Mob.* And then there's that honest true Pitcher-man, *Ralph Horsenail* the Farrier: He poor Fellow had his Head cut off.

*Capt.* His Head cut off! and how did the poor Fellow look after his Head was cut off? I warrant ye, very sheepishly. Ay, Neighbours, to have one's Head cut off, is enough to put any Man out of Countenance.

*Capt.* Ay, Captain, as you say, the poor Fellow was a little dasht at it; but the honest Lad had the good Fortune to catch his Head before it fell, and is bringing it under his Arm, as fast as his weak Legs can bear him, to desire his

his good Friend Captain Bistle to lend him an Awl and a Cobler's End to stitch it on again.

Capt. I stitch it on again ! Alas, I am quite broke ! my Ends and my Awls, and my whole Stall burnt down. Nay, my poor Wife's burnt too. I have lost as good a Wife as a Man would desire to part withal.

1 Mob. The poor Cassandra has been a true Prophetess.

2 Mob. Ay, and I might have been a Prophet too, if I had thought on't. I am sure I have seen Signs and Tokens enough to prognosticate sad Times, dismal Times !

Capt. What Signs and Tokens ?

2 Mob. Why, 'twas no longer ago than t'other Night, as I was at Supper in the Chimney-corner, a whole Family of Swallows that had occupied the Tenement these ten Years, fell down, Nest and all, into the Porridge-pot, and quite spoil'd the Broth.

Capt. Oh wondrous ! the Fate of Troy to a Tittle ! Down fell the Nest of Swallows : Down falls the City of Troy. And where was this Fall but in the Chimney, all in Fire and Smoak ? Troy, Troy, again exactly ! Then into what did they fall but the Porridge-pot ? And how many thousand poor Families have this Night went to Pot, as well as the Nest of Swallows ? ——— Ah, Neighbour ! hadst thou been an honest Man, and a true Subject, and went and told the King this prodigious Warning piece, it had been enough to have open'd his Eyes to the Nation's Danger, and have sav'd the Town, and all our Lives.

*The Scene opens and discovers a Grove, terminating with an Triumphal Arch, with two Figures of Fame hanging beneath the Arch; and beyond the Arch, over a Terras-Walk, is seen a Beautiful Garden of six side Wings adorn'd with Statues, and ending in a Vistoe of Garden-work.*

*The King, Ulysses, and all his Grecians and Guards appearing by him.*

*Mob.* Where are we now ?

*King.* Stop your denoying Hands, your Swords all sheath,

We have had enough of Ruin, Fire and Death.  
For you poor Wretches, you've severely felt,  
The A-m of Vengeance for your Prince's Guilt ;  
And do deserve our Pity. — —

Here I have finisht my Revenge. Enjoy  
Your Lives and Liberties ; go and rebuild your Troy.

*Mob.* Huzzah !

*Capt. of the Mob.* Hark ye Friend ; [*Speaking to a Grecian*] pray tell your King from me, he's a very civil Gentleman ; and since he's so humbly Gracious to bid us build our Town again, strike up Fiddles, we'll give him a Song and a Dance at parting.

10 JU 52

*An Entertainment of severall Dialogues and Dances. After which, the King and the rest come forward, and Ulysses speaks.*

*Ulyss.* Ladies, set Helen's Fate before your Byes,  
A virtuous Bed, and Husband's Love to prize.  
One Wanton, her unchaste Desires c'enjoy,  
Pull'd down her own, and the whole Fate of Troy.

*F I N I S.*



